A

PROLOGUE

TO

Phyſick Reform'd.

THree *Colledges* of late,
Were in a hot Debate,
About a Brain-ſick *Aſs*,
That ought to have a Paſs
To go from whence he came.

Moorfields was in a Rage,
And ſwore that ne're a Page
In all the *Ape* had writ,
Had either Art or Wit:
'Twas done to get a Name.

Therefore the *Quack* ſhall be
In Straw, Confin'd with me,
Until his Senſe return,
For Wit he'll ne're have none,
All muſt ſubſcribe to this.

Then *Warwick-lane* began
To ſpeak of this Young Man,
And own'd they muſt allow
All that was ſaid was true,
Yet did not do amiſs

In letting of him be
Of their Society:
For tho' he has no ſence,
Yet he has Impudence
Enough to Say, and Write.

He underſtands much more
Than e're was known before,
And e'ery Man's a Fool
That is not of our School;
For us he'll Write, Lye, Fight,

Inform, Suborn, nay Swear;
But of his Bite beware:
Thus whilſt he'll be our Tool,
He ſhall be of our School.

Bridewell at this with's Whip a Circle drew,
Then Conjur'd up old *Harry*'s Ghoſt to view
The ills, he'd done in forming of ſuch Schools,
Compos'd of nothing elſe but Knaves and Fools.
The Ghoſt reply'd, I ne'er Conſented to
That *Law*, they ſay they have, for what they do:
Unto this Town they are a greater Cheat,
Than to the World is the damn'd *Romiſh* Seat.
Haſt to their *Synagogue*; ſay, Induſtry
And Wit are Cramp'd by their Monopoly.
Plague, *Famine*, *Sword*, produce not half the Ill
That theſe Rogues do, in Licenſing to Kill.
Laſh out the Drones, and then you'll ſcarcely ſee
In that great Hive ſo much as one poor *Bee*,
For *Sourbatch* that Wretch belongs to thee.

Printed for *J. C.* Junior.